AN

ELEGY

ON

Dicky and *Dolly*,

With the

VIRGIN:

A

POEM.

To which is Added

The NARRATIVE of *D. S.* when he was in the North of *Ireland*.

DUBLIN:
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963.

An ELEGY on *Dicky* and *Dolly*, &c.

UNder this Stone, lies *Dicky* and *Dolly*,
Doll dying firſt, *Dick* grew Melancholly,
For *Dick* without *Doll* thought Living a Folly.

Dick loſt in *Doll*, *a* Wife Tender and Dear,
But *Dick* loſt by *Doll*, twelve hundred a Year,
A Loſs that *Dick* thought, no Mortal cou'd bear.

Dick Sigh'd for his *Doll* and his mournfull
Arms Croſs'd,
Thought much of his *Doll*, and the Jointure he
loſt,
The firſt vex'd him much, but the other vex'd
moſt.

Thus loaded with Grief, *Dick* Sigh'd and he cry'd,
To live without both full three Months he try'd,
But lik'd neither loſs and ſo quietly dy'd.

One Bed while alive held both *Doll* and *Dick*
One Coach oft' carried them when they were quick,
One Grave now contains them both *Hæc et Hic.*

Dick left a Pattern few will copy after,
Then Reader pray ſhed ſome tears of Salt Water,
For ſo ſad a Tale is no Subject of Laughter.

M----- Smiles for the Joynture, though gotten, ſo late,
The Son laughs that got, the hard gotten Eſtate,
And *C*--- grins for getting, the *Alicant* Plate.

Here quiet they Lie, in hopes to riſe one Day,
Both Solemnly put, in this hole on a *Sunday*,
And here reſt, *Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi.*

The VIRGIN.

THe things that make a Virgin pleaſe,
She that Seeks will find them theſe.
A Beauty not to Art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great.
An Eye wherein at once doth meet,
The Beams of Kindneſs and of Wit.
An Undiſſembl'd Innocence,
Apt not to give or take Offence.
A Converſation at once free,
From Paſſion, and from Subtlety.
A Face that's Modeſt, yet Serene,
A Sober, yet a lively Mein.
The Virtues which do her Adorn,
By Honour Guarded, not by Scorn.
With ſuch wiſe lowlineſs endu'd,
As never to be mean or rude.
That prudent Negligence, enrich,
That times her Silence, and her Speech.
Whoſe equal Mind does always Move,
Neither a Foe, nor Slave to Love.
And whoſe Religion, Strong and plain,
Not Superſtitious, nor prophane.

The NARRATIVE of *D. S.* when He was in the North of *IRELAND.*

THE Dean wou'd viſit Market-hill,
Our Invitation was but ſlight
I ſaid why let him if he will,
And ſo I bid Sir *A*———*r* write.

His Manners would not let him wait,
Leaſt we ſhould think ourſelves neglected
And ſo we ſaw him at our Gate
Three Days before he was expected.

After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,
And Day ſucceeding after Day,
Says not a Word of his Departure
Tho' not a Soul would have him ſtay.

I've ſaid enough to make him bluſh
Methinks, or elſe the Devil's in't,
But he cares not for it a Ruſh,
Nor for my Life will take the Hint.

But you, my Life, may let him know,
In civil Language, if he ſtays
How deep and foul the Roads may grow.
And that he may command the Chaiſe.

Or you may ſay——my Wife intends,
Tho' I ſhould be exceeding proud,
This Winter to invite ſome Friends,
And Sir I know you hate a Crowd.

Or, Mr- Dean———I ſhould with Joy
Beg you would here continue ſtill,
But we muſt go to *Aghnacloy*;
Or, Mr. *M*——*r* will take it ill.

The Houſe Accounts are daily raiſing
So much his Stay do's ſwell the Bills;
My deareſt Life it is ſurpriſing,
How much he eats, how much he ſwills,

His Brace of Puppies how they ſtuff,
And they muſt have three Meals a Day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His Horſes too eat all our Hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His Tallow Face and wainſcot Paws,
His Beetle-brows and Eyes of Wall,
And make him ſoon give up the Cauſe.

Muſt I be every Moment chid
With skinny, boney, ſnip and lean,
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of that inſulting Tyrant Dean:

FINIS

In the PRESS,

And ſpeedily will be Publiſhed by the Printer hereof, with all the Songs, according to the laſt London Edition, the Play of

HURLOTHRUMBO.

N. B. The Songs, were omitted in the late Dublin Edition.

ON Thurſday next,

will be Publiſhed by the Printer hereof, *The* METAMORPHOSES *of the Town, or a View of the preſent Faſhions of our Beaus and Ladies*, a TALE, after the Manner of *Fontaine*. To which is added a Method how to make and preach a SERMON that ſhall pleaſe.